

# NOTICE--EVERY UMBRELLA

of our manufacture has OUR NAME upon the inside label, and FOX'S Stamp and Trade Mark upon the frame.—DUNKERLEY & FRANKS, 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

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KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.  
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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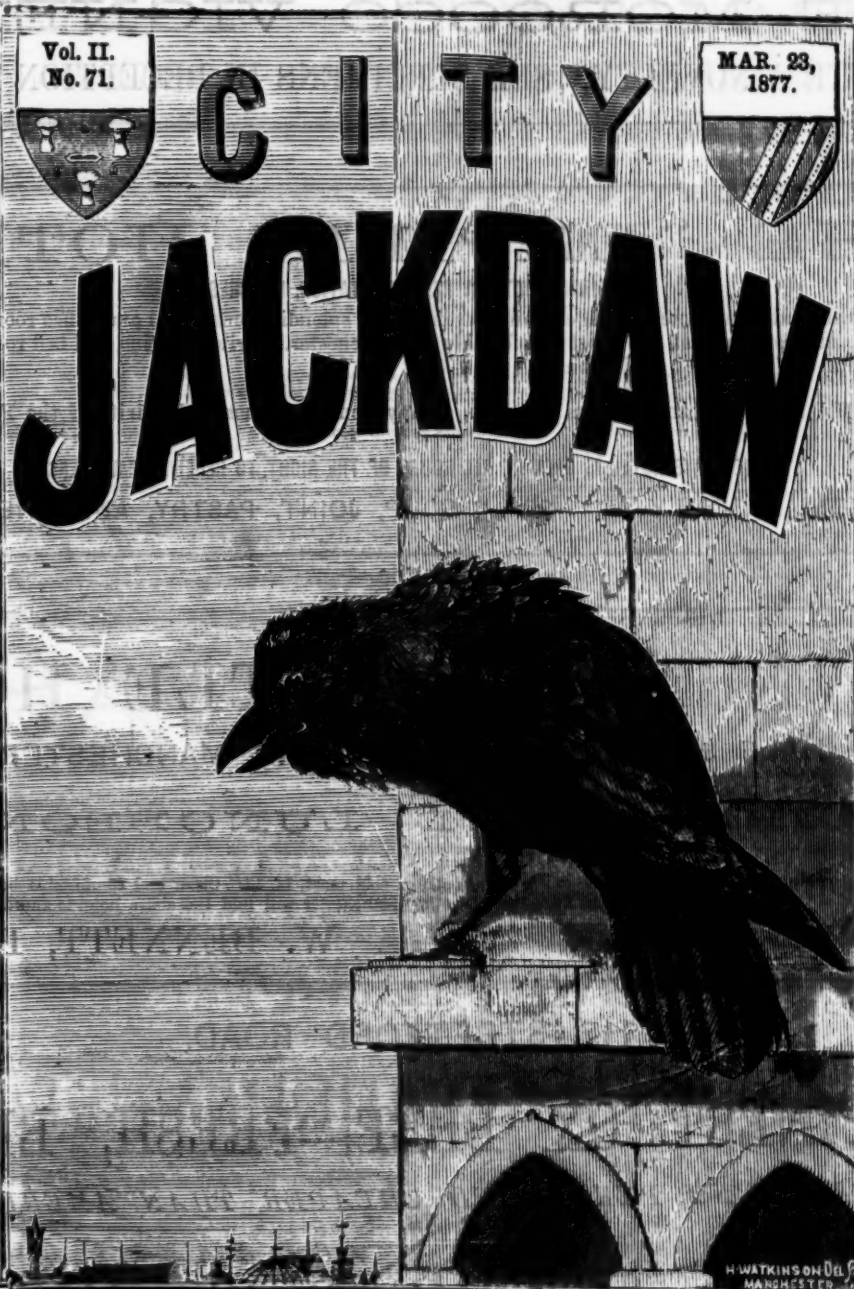
Have now opened the Premises, 2, Victoria Street (lately occupied by Mr. Knowles, Jeweller), with a General Stock of  
STATIONERY, PURSES, POCKET BOOKS, GOLD & SILVER PENCIL CASES.

THE WHITBY & SCARBORO' JET DEPOT,  
41, Deansgate, Manchester; Manufactory at Scarboro'.

The Real Whitby Jet can be had at this Establishment in Necklets, Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings.

Jet ornaments made to order, matched, or repaired.  
The trade and ship-pers supplied.

Monograms or any design set into jet in diamonds, pearls, gold and silver.  
Silver jewellery and fobs.



S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.

S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.

STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.

WHERE IS IT?

THOMAS ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,  
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,  
88 & 90, DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.

SPECTACLES CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO ALL DEFECTS OF VISION.

ARTIFICIAL EYES CAREFULLY FITTED.

## THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,

HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

**THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,**  
QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

## THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms.

Chop or Steak, 1s. 6d.; and Dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and Spirits of the First Quality.

ALL CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

THE ABOVE HOTEL IS OPEN AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT TO RECEIVE TRAVELLERS.

AN ORDINARY DAILY AT 1-20. SOUP, JOINT, PASTRY, AND CHEESE, 1/6.

## CROWN AND THISTLE HOTEL,

HALF STREET, CATHEDRAL YARD, MANCHESTER.

**RESTAURANT AND LUNCHEON BAR.**

Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak, or cold meat, 1s. 4d. Clean and comfortable beds. Billiard, smoke, and coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at strictly moderate charges. Choice wines, spirits, cigars, &c.

W. BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

117, STRETFORD ROAD.

**THE FINEST OX BEEF, FRESH, ENGLISH,**

HALFPENNY PER POUND CHEAPER THAN AMERICAN.

**HODGSON, THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,**

YOUR TRIED FRIEND,

117, STRETFORD ROAD.

PRICE LISTS AT THE DOOR.

PRICE LISTS AT THE DOOR.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

**HENRY HILL,**

LATE ALFRED BOTTOMLEY,

CARTES-DE-VISITE,  
FROM 5s. PER DOZEN.

CARTES-DE-VISITE,  
FROM 5s. PER DOZEN.

**PHOTOGRAPHER,**

*Sun Chambers, 15, Market Street, Manchester.*

**JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,**

*Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.*

NEW PREMISES CORNER OF HIGH ST. AND THOMAS ST., SHUDEHILL.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO., THOMAS STREET AND HIGH STREET, MANCHESTER.

WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), MARCH 24,

*MISS E. THOMPSON'S LAST PICTURE,*

**"BALACLAVA"**

**MR. W. E. HAMER**

*Is NOW EXHIBITING this GRAND NATIONAL PICTURE at the ROYAL INSTITUTION, Mosley St.*

Admission, Ten to Five, One Shilling; Seven to Nine, Sixpence.

**BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!**

**WRIGHT'S AMERICAN MEAT STORES**

ARE NOW OPEN AT

Leicester; Wellingborough; Loughborough; Kettering; Derby; Nottingham; Liverpool; 57, Cross Street, Manchester; 2, Alexandra Road, Moss Side, Manchester; 144, Manchester Street, Oldham; 16, St. James's Place, Liverpool; 17, Bank Parade, Salford; 42, Newport Street, Bolton; 17, Market Place, Oldham; 226, Regent Road, Salford; 10, Rock Street, Bury; and 12, Bury New Road, Strangeways, Manchester;

Where the **FINEST OX BEEF** and **MUTTON** will be sold at very reasonable prices.

A great saving will be effected. Note the addresses. One trial solicited.



# LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ON GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 30 & APRIL 2, 1877,

*EXCURSION TRAINS will be run to LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, and LYTHAM,*

From Stalybridge, Ashton, Droylsden, Miles Platting, Newton Heath, Middleton, Middleton Junction, Oldham, Royton, Shaw, New Hey, Milnrow, Todmorden, Walsden, Littleborough, Smithy Bridge, Facit Branch, Rochdale, Castleton, Heywood, BURY, Black Lane, Bradley Fold, MANCHESTER (Victoria Station), Salford, Pendleton, Clifton Junction, Stoneclough, Farnworth, Moses Gate, Bolton, and stations in the East Lancashire district.

On Good Friday, Saturday, and Easter Monday, EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to Smithy Bridge Station, for HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,

From Manchester (Victoria Station), Stalybridge, Ashton, Droylsden, and Oldham. See bills for particulars.

Manchester, March, 1877.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

# OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE, MARCH 24.

## ON FRIDAY, MARCH 23, A CHEAP EXCURSION

Will leave Manchester (London Road) at 10 50 p.m.; Stockport, 11 5 p.m.; and Stalybridge, 10 30 p.m., for London; returning on Saturday, March 24, or Monday, March 26, at 8 50 p.m.—For fares and full particulars see bills.

G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager's Office.

Euston Station, London, March, 1877.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

# GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE,

LIVERPOOL.

## ON FRIDAY, MARCH 23, A CHEAP EXCURSION

Will leave Manchester (Victoria and Ordsall Lane Stations) at 9 55 a.m. for Liverpool (Line Street); returning the same day at 6 p.m. For fares, &c., see bills.

Euston Station, London, March, 1877.

G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager's Office.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. II.—No. 71.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE promoters of the new Manley Hall undertaking are working energetically, and are very hopeful of success. Their object is, of course, primarily to put money in the pockets of the shareholders, and if we may be permitted to form a judgment so early, all that is wanted in order to complete the realisation of this desirable object is the appreciation of the public.

A SPECIALITY is announced at Sale Skating-rink, which, we understand, is well worth seeing. The Brothers Lane, two most celebrated skaters, will give an exhibition of their skill every afternoon and evening. No doubt this will be a great attraction, in addition to the other attractions of the rink, which is probably one of the very best in the country.

We are glad to notice that the two original skating-rinks established in Manchester, at Moss Side and Higher Broughton respectively, still hold their own against all rivals. The establishment of the real ice skating-rink at Rusholme does not seem to have taken away from the popularity obtained by the roller skating in use at the establishments named. It would be a good thing, by-the-by, if roller skating could be confined to the authorised places for this amusement, as the inconvenience occasioned to street passengers by small boys tumbling about or gliding on the pavements is considerable. Several instances of this novelty in artificial skating have been noticed lately.

It is said that Serjeant Spinks's tears lost the Conservatives of Oldham the election—but then they were not judiciously applied. We hear that the learned Serjeant has been put in training under General Ignatieff. According to the *Medical Examiner*, the General suffers from a complaint, or rather enjoys an advantage, of a most unique kind. There is an obstruction of one of his tear-ducts, so that while one side of his face is constantly bedewed by a gentler flow of tears, the other has quite a happy expression. If Serjeant Spinks profits by experience, we may yet live to see the day when he will drop a friendly tear on one side of his face for his opponents, and keep up a grin on the other for desponding Tories.

It seems to be the practice at the Prestwich Lunatic Asylum to run things very fine. It was stated at the last meeting of the Chorlton Guardians that there was in the workhouse there a person who had been discharged from Prestwich as cured, and who was "a terror to the inmates." One of the guardians said he was sure this man would finish by killing somebody. It was stated on the same occasion that they prided themselves at Prestwich on discharging as many patients as possible. The public will be inclined to regard this test of efficiency as a very lame one. In the meantime, the paupers at Chorlton go in terror of their lives, and for aught any one knows to the contrary, there may be a good many more lunatics abroad cured in a similar fashion.

Attention is again called to the Compton benefit, which will take place on Monday, it is only because the promises of success to the genial undertaking are worthy of special notice. All the seats, for which arrangement has hitherto been made, have, we understand, been already secured. The pit has been turned for this occasion into a gigantic array of stalls, and those who have been able to purchase in the back row a seat at the cost of a guinea have deemed themselves lucky. It is now under contemplation

to arrange for the accommodation of a few more people in the gallery, the only available space which is left unoccupied. The house will thus present a unique and stirring spectacle; and what is better, the committee will be able to hand over to the credit of the Compton fund a very substantial, not to say magnificent, contribution.

THE House of Commons seems to be getting a very hot place. Our neighbour, Mr. Nathaniel Buckley, late member for Ashton, was attacked there on Wednesday night in the most savage manner by Mr. Downing, the member for County Cork, for the way he had managed his Irish estates. Mr. Downing, besides being a Home Ruler—which means being able to hit hard—is evidently a great authority on Billingsgate, and great credit must be given him for the slashing style of his oratory. His attack brought Mr. John Bright to his legs, and Mr. Downing probably in future will remember that the abuse of an absent man goes for nothing when he has a friend in the House with such a weighty name, who, fearless of consequences, has the courage to give the abuser the lie direct. Possibly the Irish representative might have felt his courage oozing out at his finger ends—had he been told who was to follow him.

PEOPLE who have nothing better or more useful to do, write letters to the papers abusing omnibus guards and drivers, who, if we are to believe these facile scribblers, are by nature and education inhuman and abominable. The *Jackdaw's* experience of these men is that they are as a class very hard worked, and probably not being well paid, and that they do their work as a rule in a manner at which there is little cause for grumbling. As to the complaints about not stopping for passengers, half of them are moonshine, and as to the other half the *Jackdaw* believes that on investigation it would be found that the passengers themselves are to blame. The omnibus guards are in fact neither better nor worse than other people. It is indeed rather surprising, when the conditions of the employment are considered, that they should display as much politeness and good nature as they do. The *Jackdaw* has a holy hatred for grievances, but his hatred for grievance-mongers is holier.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *City News* calls attention to a custom which is much to be deplored: it is that of shooting song birds in the suburbs. This practice is especially rampant in the neighbourhoods of Rusholme, Fallowfield, Brooks's Bar, and Whalley Range. There is supposed to be a law to protect the thrushes and blackbirds, as also there is a law about carrying guns without a license; but as a hint to the police, it may be stated that both regulations must be frequently violated in the neighbourhood. People of simple taste like to hear a thrush singing on a tree in spring time; so does the prowling rascal with a gun. The bird by its music reveals its presence, and the ruffian shoots it. He does not want to eat the bird any more than he would want to eat his wife if he killed her; he shoots for sport, for the sake of killing, and when the song birds are all exterminated, as soon they will be, he will be obliged to gratify his brutal tastes in some other manner. It is the spring especially when the birds are mated, and have nests and young ones, that this wretched miscreant selects for his delectable pursuits, but this of course makes no difference to him. He is ignorant of natural history. A thrush to him is a feathered biped made to be shot, and nothing more. The *Jackdaw* commends this subject to the attention of all lovers of birds and of all constables.

KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH. 2s. 6d. per week. W. HARRISON, 128, Portland Street, Manchester.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale } Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises,  
301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET. } Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

## "HOLY NED" AS A JOKER.

MR. HARDCASTLE, M.P., has at last succeeded in raising a laugh in the House of Commons—a feat which seems to represent the ultimate ambition of the most solemn of legislators. In the Parliamentary report of Tuesday last the following paragraph appears:—

"Mr. Hardcastle gave notice that on Thursday he should ask the Government whether they have reason to believe that the Turkish Consuls in this country are instructed to report to their Government the local outrages which occur in this country, and whether such outrages are to be regarded as proofs of the lawlessness and social state of England. ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.)"

We are not in a position to state what was the exact outcome of this perfervid bid for Tory guffaws, Mr. Hardcastle's question having been put, if it was put at all, after we had gone to press; but Mr. Hardcastle's appearance as a joker will probably be a relief to a House which has often suffered impatiently the infliction of his pompous declamation and funereal oratory. The member for South-East Lancashire, as far as we are concerned, is welcome to his joke, such as it is. He may be congratulated on having adopted rather late in the day the tactics of Tory press and platform in dealing with a question which has brought tears to a good many eyes. We do not grudge the Tories their little joke about the anguish of the Bulgarian peasantry. In their hands it has proved very effective—about as effective a weapon, in fact, as a red-hot poker grasped by the wrong end. The weapon of ridicule may indeed be legitimately and effectively employed in controversy, but to be successful its use should be guided by common-sense, wit, and good taste, neither of which qualifications are noticeable in the latest bungling effort of Holy Ned.

## ANOTHER CLERICAL SCANDAL.

IT may be true that the eccentric proceedings of one or two clergymen ought not to be used to the discredit of the Establishment, yet when it is considered that the Church of England is the only community which allows eccentric parsons to have their fling, we cannot help suggesting that there must be a screw loose somewhere. The parish of Gawber, near Barnsley, of which the Rev. J. G. Metcalfe is vicar, has hardly yet got over the notorious "burial scandal," when it is again thrown into uproar by Mr. Metcalfe's manner of conducting ecclesiastical business. These clerical scandals are always difficult to describe, because it is not at all easy to get at the motives in the mind of a disorderly parson; but we gather from the *Barnsley Chronicle* the following facts:—(1) There is a flourishing school in the village of Higham, parish of Gawber, which was established quite independent of the church; (2) this school was conducted on week-days and Sundays by a competent master appointed by the committee; (3) the majority of the scholars are the children of Nonconformists. There is a sameness of detail about these scandals which is almost amusing. On a recent Sunday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Rector of Gawber made his appearance at this school with a *posse comitatus*, consisting of his three daughters, a grave-digger, and a groom bearing a hamper. The hamper attracted considerable attention during the proceedings, as it was supposed by the youths of Higham to contain "pigeons for the Sheffield handicap." However, this is by the way. Thus accompanied, Mr. Metcalfe burst into the school, and took forcible possession, intimating his design of "catechising" the children, the hamper containing books for this purpose. The school teacher remonstrated, but in vain, and pointed to the "conscience clause" which was suspended on the wall, but all to no purpose. The rector was determined to have his own way, and the grave-digger, the groom, and the young ladies were equally resolute. The school was, of course, in disorder, and a crowd collected outside, the members of which passed very uncomplimentary comments on the pastor's doings. The crowd at last grew impatient and entered the schoolroom, when Mr. Metcalfe and his myrmidons were obliged to

beat a hasty retreat with their purpose as yet unaccomplished, except in so far as riot and disorder was the result. In repacking the hamper, the grave-digger or groom, being indiscriminating, took away a number of the school books. "What's he takkin' t' books for?" said a little child, as he hastily emerged from the building amidst the hearty and derisive cheers of the spectators. "He's happen stealing 'em" was the reply. "He's a bad un" emphatically ejaculated a third; and singularly enough, when matters had cooled down sufficiently for the work of the school to be proceeded with, it was found that one of the classes was without books, owing to a number having been taken away in error. The gossips and other inhabitants of Higham anxiously await the sequel to this incident, for it is held to be impossible that a "scandal" so handsomely begun should not be improved upon. In the meantime, and by way of comment, we may ask, "Who can blame those who from incidents such as these draw inferences to the disparagement of the National Church?" We would not hastily blame a community because it contains a few eccentric and irregular members, but it is not a creditable thing that those few should be permitted to outrage decency with impunity.

## JUPITER PLUVIUS "REIGNS!"

ALL the joys of the past, all the pleasure has fled,  
Despondency only remains;  
Gone, gone are the rays and the warmth of the sun,  
For Jupiter Pluvius reigns.  
The clouds float above, and their torrents pour down,  
Deluging the cities and plains;  
No streak of bright sky now see we on high,  
For Jupiter Pluvius reigns.  
And gone are the sports which bright weather courts,  
Farewell to the crisp country lanes!  
No more may I stroll with the love of my soul,  
For Jupiter Pluvius reigns.  
The winds howl around, the rain poureth down  
And bespatters my window panes,  
In a rough sort of way it seemeth to say  
That Jupiter Pluvius reigns.  
The beasts 'neath the hedge are knee-deep in mud,  
The horses all drenched toss their manes,  
And roosters at home ne'er more dare to roam,  
For Jupiter Pluvius reigns.  
Myself far from home, and drenching wet through,  
Whilst my gingham behind remains,  
I mutter and swear, and say it ain't fair  
That Jupiter Pluvius reigns!

## THE FIRST RACE OF THE SEASON.

WE have to congratulate our sporting friends on the recommencement of the noble pastime or sport of betting. On Wednesday afternoon last, which was the occasion of the running for the Lincoln Handicap, Market Street and the adjacent thoroughfares assumed their most engaging aspect. Every one must have noticed the refining and civilising influence which the pursuit of betting has upon its honest and kindly votaries. Wherever the betting man is found, he may be at once recognised by his manly and open countenance, his genial manners, and general polish of demeanour—these qualities shining through, as it were, the outward man, and ennobling him so that he may be marked of all. It is true that betting men sometimes assemble in crowds and obstruct the pavements, but these crowds are not like other assemblages. Betting men are politeness itself; they are never rude or uncourteous; they never swear or use bad language; calm under misfortune, and unelate by success, they ever know how to keep their passions under control. They are a harmless race, doing incalculable good in the world, and are universally

**FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED**

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s. ? Set of Elastics 1s., at 4, Birmingham-st., London-W.



respected by all who know them. Therefore we do not grudge the betting men their occasional gatherings in the streets beneath the *Jackdaw's* window, to the temporary annoyance of selfish people who cannot make allowances. Far be it for us to wish that the police would ruthlessly disperse those gatherings of eminently respectable citizens which adorn the flags. Are betting men blackguards that they should be ordered to move on by the police? We proudly answer no, and the accustomed bobby answers no, too. Long may they continue, under the fostering care of a maternal and local legislature, to have their haunts, and glad our eyes with their genial presence. Whenever we look out of window on a race day, we clap our hand upon our heart to express an emotion too fervid for utterance, and after awhile the exclamation *will* find its way to our lips while the irrepressible tear drops into the waste-paper basket. "God bless the betting men!" Sporting papers please copy.

### GUZZLING GUARDIANS!

**T**EN naughty Guardians  
Went away to dine,  
One got drunk before the feed,  
And so they were but nine.  
Nine guzzling Guardians  
Sat at dinner late,  
One below the table fell,  
And then there were but eight.  
Eight be-dinnered Guardians  
To smoking much were given,  
But red nose fell upon his conk,  
And then there were but seven.  
Seven half-screwed Guardians  
Then thought they'd go to bed,  
But one who somewhat missed his way  
To Liverpool went instead.  
The other six now rather thought  
The thing somewhat a bore,  
For the soothing-syrup "soothed" them so  
That some slept on the floor.  
The five remaining Guardians,  
When safe at home they got,  
They promised their wives they'd never again  
Go out with such a lot.  
These are the sort of Guardians,  
Protectors of our rates,  
That a too confiding public  
Entrusts with poor men's fates.  
'Tis drink that makes the pauper—  
A fact that's sadly true;  
Then should drink un-make the Guardian?  
Turn out the tipsy crew!

Southport.

N.B.—The elections are at hand.—*Verb. Sap.*

### THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

[FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT, SPECIALLY WIRED.]

**T**HE day which dawned in London on the 24th March,\* 1877, was a great day for Oxford. It was also a great day for Cambridge, and in fact for both Universities. As early as half-past five all London was afoot, and the self-denying milkman, and shrill but industrious sweep, did not, as usual, have it all to themselves. With the first approach of light, the day began to dawn which was to witness the signal triumph of the elder University, hereafter to be described. All the people who wished to be spectators of the race flocked towards the river. The flashing (and special) train conveyed some, while others committed themselves to the

charge of various hired vehicles, a third party using the economical, but healthy and appetising, method of pedestrian locomotion. Long before seven o'clock every point of vantage on the banks which enclosed the silvery Thames was occupied by its human unit, and it is calculated that the race was witnessed by a larger number of people than ever assembled on an occasion of this kind. A noble lord, with whom I subsequently partook of breakfast, computed the number of spectators at about fifteen millions (15,000,000); he also advised me to back Oxford, which I did, and lost my money, if, as the illustrious *Piscator* observes, a man can lose that which he never had—but no matter. Exactly at 7-32-33 by my stop-watch the crews were started by the veteran Mr. Chitty, whom I was glad to observe in good health. Immediately the signal to "go" was given both crews simultaneously urged their oars through the water, and the roar of voices was heard upon the banks, the eyes from which were directed upon the nose of the Cambridge boat, Cambridge being slightly the favourite, a state of things which was fully warranted hereafter. Contrary to the usual tactics of his University, the Cambridge stroke started with a steady plodding stroke of 53 to the minute, and the consequence of this manœuvre was very soon apparent, as the Oxford crew, still keeping their strength well in hand, forged ahead until at the soap-works they were clear of their opponents. This state of things, however, was not to last, as the Cambridge men, who had been reserving themselves, now quickened to 69 per minute, the effect being immediately apparent in the reversed position of the boats. Cambridge now led by half a length, and Hammersmith Bridge was shot by the leading boat in exactly 1min. 37secs. from the start, the second boat following immediately afterwards. Here some rough water was encountered above the bridge, and as the Oxford men are accustomed to feather high, their supporters were also in better feather. Thus the two boats continued to struggle, neck and neck alternately, until Cambridge, whose time and swing had been exceedingly good, put on another spurt of 84 to the minute, and for a moment the race seemed to be over, the plaudits and excitement being intense. The race, however, was not over; Oxford, by a very fine effort rowing more than 90 strokes to the minute, again overhauled their rivals, and within two hundred yards of the finish the race seemed doubtful until the elder University, who had still plenty of force in reserve, responded to the invitation of their stroke, and putting on their last spurt, paddled in easy winners with a stroke of 103, thus winning a really fine race by more than a length. Time by my stop-watch being 14min. 8sec., being by far the shortest on record. Thus ended the University boat race of 1877, and now it only remains to \*—

\* Close this article.—Ed.

### DRUNKEN MONDAY AT WARRINGTON.

**T**HE Warrington magistrates have adopted a singular method of grappling with the gigantic evil of drunkenness. They have determined in future to inflict a double penalty on all persons who get drunk on Monday, which, by the way, one of their number described as the "first day of the week." It is not easy to see how this subtle distinction between days appropriate for inebriety can be upheld, but the only logical supplement to this remarkable bit of legislation would be the appointment of a day when people can get drunk without any penalty at all. Until this is done the cobblers and tailors of Warrington will be justified in complaining that this particular edict is levelled against them. If the scheme works well, perhaps the Warrington magistrates will extend their operations by setting apart special days for the double punishment of other offences, as, for instance, Tuesday for theft, Wednesday for forgery, Thursday perjury, Friday bigamy, Saturday murder. Experiments dealing with the statistics of crime are always interesting, and we shall wait for the issue of this experiment on Monday drunkards with lively interest.

\* For some reason or other, our correspondent has chosen to send his description too soon. As it has arrived, however, we publish it, as it would be out of date next week.—Ed.

**LAIRITZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 67, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.

# JACKDAW



## AMUSEMENTS.

### MANLEY PALACE & PARK COMPANY LIMITED.

The Preliminary Exhibition of WORKS OF ART is NOW OPEN to the Public DAILY from ten to five.

### MANLEY PALACE & PARK COMPANY LIMITED.

The HARREL COLLECTION of OLD MASTERS.  
The COLLECTION of MODERN PAINTINGS, comprising selected examples from the studios of eminent artists, and  
The PRATT COLLECTION of ARMS, ARMOUR, and ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS of WARFARE.  
On View Daily from ten to five. Admission, one shilling; children, half price.

### MANLEY PALACE & PARK COMPANY LIMITED.

THE MANCHESTER POLICE BAND  
Will, by the kind permission of Captain Irwin, play in the grounds TO-MORROW (Saturday), the 24th instant, at two o'clock.

### OUR EASTERN TRADE: INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT.

## AQUARIUM

TO INDIA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
Beautiful dissolving views and descriptive musical entertainment and lecture, illustrating the archaeology, manners, and scenery of our Indian Empire.

### SALE AND ASHTON-ON-MERSEY SKATING RINK

(Universally admitted to be the Finest in England).  
THE BROTHERS LANE.

These celebrated skaters will go through their most extraordinary and graceful evolutions every afternoon at four, and every evening at eight o'clock, commencing Monday, the 26th, until Saturday, the 31st instant, inclusive. The Fine BAND of the 28th C.B.V. every evening. Admission, one shilling (including skates); children under twelve, sixpence in the afternoon only.

### YOUNG MEN ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Central Offices, PETER STREET.

### THE PICTURE TRADE.

Largest, Cheapest, and Choicest Stock in the trade of  
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CLOSE BY THE CATHEDRAL.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Home Secretary, when he was waited upon by the tailors about the "sweating" system, got into a frightful perspiration.

That he thought they had called for his tailor's account.

That he cut away from the deputation very abruptly, as he was under the impression they were taking his measure.

That the Guardians who got on the spree, at Southport, excused themselves when they were seen on the pier—because they were half-seas over.

That there will be some moral talk about restricting the allowance of beer and tobacco in the Withington Workhouse, very shortly.

That Mitchell Henry, M.P., at the Home Rulers' meeting, sang, "Come back to Erin."

That most of the Home Rulers seemed to be tired of Erin, or else thought they were better off in Manchester, as they didn't take the hint.

That Mr. Henry, Irishman like, had a shamrock in his breast on St. Patrick's Day.

That he would have looked more like an Irishman if he had taken off his swallow-tailed coat, and asked his countrymen to tread on it.

That the Tories were not disposed to contest the Exchange Ward, as they thought that one good Liberal in Mr. Hampson was a fair exchange for Alderman Warburton.

That Mr. Herford is discussing what verdict he shall return on his own remains, after his extinction by Earls Nelson and Shrewsbury over the free and open pew movement.

That all the engaged young ladies in Manchester are to be found at the cookery lessons in Peter Street, on Monday afternoons.

That those who are not engaged are attracted to the lessons because they are held at the Young Men's Association rooms.

That after the lessons the lady pupils try experiments on their gentlemen friends.

That all the gentlemen have been ill in consequence.

That several young ladies mixed up the recipes for haricot purée and amber pudding, and the consequences were something awful.

That Sir Joseph Heron, who attended the weekly board of the Infirmary for the first time, sat upon Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., as if he had been a common councillor.

That he praised Mr. Goldschmidt's letter so tremendously that Mr. Goldschmidt blushed with pleasure, and Mr. Birley flushed with anger.

That Mr. Maclure said it was a d— shame of Sir Joseph, coming there to make such small beer of the weekly board.

That Mr. Maclure and Mr. Chancellor Christie had two B's and S's, to keep their spirits up.

## THE TROPICS.

HOW great are the joys of a tropical clime,  
With its perfumes delicious, its scenery sublime,  
Up the grand Himalayas to the summit to climb,  
To the cool breath of winter in hot summer time.

And a noontide siesta, that tropical treat,  
Reclining and smoking 'neath a shade from the heat,  
To see the tall palm-tree, the sugar-cane sweet,  
Or to stroll through the jungle with rambling feet.

To see the luxurious mantle of green,  
With a broad strip of water to vary the scene,  
Reflecting the sunbeams with glorious sheen,  
Ah, how great is the treat!—but I never have been.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY: AN IRISH EPISODE BELOW.

SCENE.—Hades. ST. PATRICK and SATAN conversing.

Satan. Bedad, Pat, but they're celebrating your memory above. Oh, they are entoiirely. I am towld that the Oirish make great palaver about your playing the devil with the varmint in Oireland.

St. Patrick. Be jabbers, owld man, I niver dhremnt you were of Oirish extraction.

Satan. Bad cess to ye! didn't ye cast me owt of the owld counthry before I made tracks for Eden—because there wasn't enough of the cratur for both of us?

St. Patrick. Now I come to remimbir it, I belave I did. But faith, yer honor has sadly changed for the worse since that toime.

Satan. Git owt wid ye!

St. Patrick. Och, now, and upon my sowl, ye have! Oh, don't tell a loie about it.

Satan. By the piper who played before Moses, may I be enloightened, for I don't understand it at all, at all.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



*St. Patrick.* Why, when you were a varmint in owld Oireland the place wasn't big enough to howld ye.

*Satan.* That's thrue for you.

*St. Patrick.* And now you're an owt-an'-owt Home Ruler—below stairs.

*Satan.* Ah, git owt wid ye again, and may the divil himself fly away wid ye for your long mimory. Bedad, you're as bad as my frind Father Gadd for a joke. Long life to ye, my bhoy, and may we niver dhrink your health in worse whiskey.

*Another Irish scene.—The Manchester Town Hall. Two Irishmen at tea.*

*First Irishman.* Arrah, now, an' ye've got the foinest Oirish face that I ivir clapt my eyes on.

*Second Irishman.* I belave you, my bhoy.

*First Irishman.* And the foinest head and the baldest in the whole whorld.

*Second Irishman.* Ah, now, is it compliments ye mane?

*First Irishman.* Divil a one. If ye want to oblige me, jist be atther coming outside, and let me try if I can crack it. [Shilaleghs.]

### THE THING I LOVE.

**T**HERE is a thing, a lovely thing.

A thing of joy and grace,

Whose praises I propose to sing

(They're written on my face).

I smile with rapture when I muse

Of all the joy it gives;

The fondest words that I can use

Are worthless expletives.

In vain I justice try to do

Unto this theme of bliss;

I pity those sincerely who

This object sweet should miss.

It brings me work, 'tis true, but then

It brings me, also, joys;

It buys the things which clergymen,

In pulpits, say are toys.

I am not fond of pleasures rude,

But, such though still I shun,

The thing to which I now allude

Provides me harmless fun.

It gives me raiment, meet, and drink

(My other wants are few);

The reader now will guess, I think,

It is—it is—my screw.

### SIR JOSEPH TO THE RESCUE!

*SCENE.—The Infirmary Board-room after the weekly meeting. Mr. BIRLEY and Dr. REED, conversing. Sir JOSEPH HANON and Mr. J. W. MACLURE's voices heard in the distance.*

*Mr. MacLure's Voice.* Never enjoyed the fun so much in my life, though your smashing of the board told against me.

*Sir Joseph's Voice* [evidently coming out of the depths of a pewter pot]. Capital, wasn't it? Beer's not bad; think I'll come here every week. Wasn't old Birley down in the mouth? Well, I think I can stand just another. Good-looking nurse, that! [Voices cease.]

*Mr. Birley.* I say, Reed, what's to be done with this rakish Town Clerk? Can't you give him some stuff to keep him quiet?

*Dr. Reed.* Don't know of anything strong enough.

*Mr. Birley.* You couldn't invite him to see the patients with measles?

*Dr. Reed.* Oh, bless you, that's been tried on before, but he's proof against it. He had 'em all when he was young, that makes him so corky now. The Nuisance Committee have tried to kill him off any time this twenty years.

*Mr. Birley.* Can't we catch him in any way, and make him be quiet? He'll upset all our plans.

*Dr. Reed.* There won't be a son of us living in three months if he goes on as he has been doing this morning.

*Mr. Birley.* Can't we get MacLure to put some salt on his tail?

*Voice heard in the distance.*

*Sir Joseph.* Ah, MacLure, other folks have tried that dodge on upon

me and failed; soft soap doesn't do, neither does salt. I always wear a frock coat, and never was seen with a tail yet which would bear salt—at an Infirmary meeting. By the way, don't you think Reed could afford, out of the extravagant Infirmary expenditure, to give Birley a blue pill?

*Mr. MacLure.* He's had one, but it's done him no good. He's afraid of another election.

*Sir Joseph.* Oh, lor, if he's ejected from Manchester and the Infirmary Board—

*Mr. MacLure.* Hang it, Joe, give me some little hope.

*Sir Joseph.* So I will, my boy, so I will. They've elected you a member of the Carlton Club; they'll stand the expenses of a contest next time.

*Mr. MacLure.* What'll you bet they do?

*Sir Joseph.* Hundred to one—if the party will let you ask them.

[Aside.] But they won't. They don't want to attend Powell's funeral yet.

### THE COOKERY RAGE.

[BY A PUPIL.]

**W**ALKING down Peter Street on a Monday afternoon, one is attracted by a crowd of fashionably-dressed ladies streaming through an open doorway. Can it be an afternoon play? or say a skating-rink? No, there is a business-like air about these ladies that belies these suggestions. We step forward with them, and see. First we notice all and sundry, young and old, pull out pencil and paper, and no reporter at a political meeting ever covered the ground faster than do these fair scribes. I recognise an acquaintance in the daughter of one of our wealthiest Lancashire machinists. "Hallo, Miss Nelly, what are you doing here?" "Well, you see, I thought I'd like to know something of cooking before beginning on my own account; and our cook stares if I look near the kitchen, and holds herself in readiness to laugh at my smallest mistakes. So if I am to learn cooking at all, now is my chance." On a platform before us is a kitchen-range—gas-heated, and on a table near all the appliances of the art. It is really wonderful how simply and smoothly the lady-lectress goes on cooking, and expounding as she goes along the different methods. Never flurried, always practical, open to questions from any one, scrupulously neat at her work, it is a pleasure to look at her. It is true it is somewhat puzzling to copy out her recipes. The beginner is apt to jumble together the ingredients for an amber pudding, haricot purée, and sauce for cod steaks, but by dint of careful manipulation, cutting away of notes from the top of this page and pinning them to the bottom of the next, something like order begins to dawn upon us. The rage for experiments in cooking has gone to such a height nowadays, and our young ladies are so proud of their successes in that line, that an old bachelor friend of mine means to decline all invitations out for a year to come. "One can tell what one is eating with a slice of roast beef before him, but as for these new-fangled gimcracks, how am I to know what poison they may contain, and between you and me I doubt whether these girls could boil a potato if they were to try."

There is another view of the question. Young England nowadays points envyingly to his French neighbour, and says—how much more tempting are his dinners than ours? Cold roast beef five days in the week is rather too much, and the Frenchman spends only half the money I do. Try anything for a change. And do you know, Mary, you look so much brighter since you took to this? I'll stand any number of experiments you like to try. The Manchester School of Cookery is under episcopal patronage, having the Bishop for a patron, and on Monday last a Canon of the Cathedral was in the chair. Canon Woodhouse is not so useful, nor is he so ornamental, as some others of the gentlemen who took the chair on previous occasions. The handsome Dr. Morgan was chairman three weeks ago, and many were the inquiries among the ladies in my neighbourhood as to whether he were a bachelor or not. The learned doctor was more than ornamental; he helped the fair lectress to pass her pots and pans with as easy a grace as if he were amputating a fore-arm at the Infirmary.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

### MR. MITCHELL HENRY, M.P., BY ALL THAT'S WONDERFUL.

**M**R. MITCHELL HENRY, we believe, is a Manchester Irishman—bred and born; but his nationality might be doubted had he not the most unmistakable evidence about him of having kissed the "blarney stone." Mr. Henry's appearances in Manchester are events in our political history. He is, as he told us at St. Patrick's Day celebration, a Liberal at heart; he is now a pledged Home Ruler, and "God help owld Ireland" is his motto. It is not so long ago that Mr. Mitchell Henry came forward seeking the suffrages of the electors of Manchester. He scrupled not then, Liberal at heart as he was, to put himself in opposition to the present Liberal members for Manchester, and Mr. Ernest Jones; he scruples not now to put himself in opposition to the Liberal party, and yet he claims to be considered a Liberal politician. We are not disposed to squabble with the position with which Mr. Henry has arrogated to himself. He told his hearers at the old Town Hall that when he last addressed a meeting in that room he was not able to speak of the Irish Parliamentary party as he did that night. We happened to be present on the occasion to which Mr. Henry alluded. It was his first appearance before the electors of Manchester, and a milder and gentler-mannered man never attempted to scuttle a ship—a political barque, of course—than this dainty kid-gloved semi-Liberal candidate. There was put to Mr. Henry, on his *debut*, a question which will live as long at any rate as his political history, and the satire of the question now no doubt will come home to him with a refreshing force, and he will excuse us if we give him the opportunity of enjoying it anew. Mr. Henry was asked, and a roguish wag must have been the questioner, whether he would "vote for putting down the potato rot in Ireland." Mr. Henry at that time was not so quick in hearing, and probably not so decided in his views as he is now, and he answered, as a matter of course, as everybody expected him to answer, "that he certainly would." It is only Christian like to suppose that he did not hear the question aright, but the records of local history bear upon their impress the question and the answer which he gave. Straws show the way of the current. Even in the days when the honourable member was imbibing Liberal principles he was a Home Ruler—the potato rot, as everybody knows, being one of Ireland's greatest curses, and he was prepared to vote for its suppression—and now that he has reached maturity, now that he is the full-blown representative of a great Irish county, he is prepared, aye, at the risk of the dearest Liberal principles he possesses, to wreck the hopes of the Liberal party, unless they pledge themselves, body and soul—let's be Irish—to the demands of owld Ireland. He takes credit for the Conservatives being in power through the action of the Home Rule party in Parliament; he actually insists that there is no hope of the return of a Liberal for any of the boroughs unless he pledges himself to go in for an inquiry as to Irish demands. Well, we will give him credit for his assertions, but will ask him what would become of Irish reform if the Liberal party proper were to combine, Home Rule party fashion, and say that everything which Irishmen hold most dear was to be sacrificed unless the other crotchets of the Liberal party are to be conceded at once. The Home Rulers' position, as laid down by Mr. Henry, seems to be the dog-in-the-manger policy. In stature we all know Mr. Mitchell Henry is an enlarged and not a bad impersonation of Tom Thumb—we intend this as a compliment, for Tom Thumb was a man of the world, though a poor politician. His Irish heart is probably the biggest lump in his body, his mind is colossal, and God help the English Press if he had his own way with it. The very devils—P. D.'s, of course—would be annihilated by him with just as much zeal as St. Patrick cast out the snakes from the owld country. And so we finish up by saying, on this his annual appearance, "Mr. Henry by all that's wonderful," hoping that none of his early admirers, after hearing his recent utterances, will exclaim, "Mr. Henry by all that's"—

### THROWING OVER MR. HERFORD.

SCENE.—The Manchester Coroner's Court. Mr. HERFORD and his Clerk assembled in committee.

Mr. Herford. Any inquests to-day?

Clerk. Only twenty-five.

Mr. Herford. Are the juries here?

Clerk. Some on 'em.

Mr. Herford. Ah, let them wait till I've had a look at the papers. Holloa, what's this? "The Free and Open Church Movement and Mr. Herford." Oh, mercy! here's a go. Why, will anybody believe it, they've gone and thrown me over as to the Free Church Movement!

Clerk. Never!

Mr. Herford [reading]. "We much regret that there should be a division between the two societies, but we are bound, from our past personal experience of Mr. Herford, to express our conviction that it is impossible to work harmoniously with him."

Clerk. Base ingratitude, nothing else. It can't be true.

Mr. Herford. Oh, the letter's signed by my lords of Shrewsbury, Westminster, and Wharfedale. Well, this is hard, after all I have done in the way of bottling my temper. Well, Clerk, I suppose we'll have to go on, and as we have done before—we'll be our own society and committee. Now call in a jury, and see that you select all the bullet-headed and pugnacious men amongst them. I'll give them a specimen of the Free and Open Church Movement—after the Coroner's had such a rebuff. Now, sir, take the book and swear. [To juryman.] Damn it, sir, why don't you do as you are told? [Many more scenes ought to follow.]

### ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

**O**H! if the gods of Virgil's time—  
Who dwelt on the Olympic mount,  
Who feasted on Ambrosia sweet,  
And drank of nectar from the fount—  
Could only see our modern swains at meal,  
To strongly long they could not fail,  
And fain relinquish all, their heavenly sweets,  
To sup on bread and cheese and nut-brown ale.

### SCHOOL BOARD INQUISITION.

**A**S an example of the tyrannous system of spying and officialism which the institution of school boards is bringing into vogue, the following printed form, which was sent this week to the employer of a hard-working widow woman with a family of three children, will be of interest. The names only are suppressed:—

#### BOROUGH OF SALFORD SCHOOL BOARD.

Town Hall, Salford, March 19th, 1877.

To M.....

of.....Street.....states that she is in your employment, and has applied to this Board for the payment of School Fees for her children, as "being unable herself, from poverty, to pay the same."

With the view of verifying the applicant's statement, the School Board have appended a few inquiries, to which they request that you will kindly annex your reply, and return this form by post at your earliest convenience.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOHN G. C. PARSONS,

Clerk to the Board.

Is the person named above in your employ?.....

If not, when discharged?.....

Her average earnings per week with you?.....

Remarks (if any).....

(Signed),

.....Employer.

Date.....187

We do not suppose that those who invented the school board system contemplated, by the introduction of domestic espionage and cold-blooded insult, the destruction of self-respect among the parents of the children who were legislated for. Red tape was sufficiently rampant in England.



and the inquisitorial part of legislation was already amply supplied by the income-tax. A law which necessitates or authorises the sending of such documents as these ratifies its own condemnation, even though it may be proved that local bumbledom has overstepped its authority. The attractions of board schools are not as yet so great that any person who could afford otherwise to dispose of children should try to send them there. It is therefore doubly hard that a person who struggles to pay the already heavy rates punctually should be subject to impertinent and insulting interference.

### AN ALARMING ALMANAC.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

**H**APPENING to stroll into the Jackdaw office the other day to see if they wanted any copy (I had just recovered from my last attack) happening, I say, to call at the office, and waiting till the editor (who is a very supercilious man, and never has anything the matter with him) happening, I say—but this will never do—I fell to, then, studying an almanac which was pasted on to the wall, a large broadsheet. It was called "Calvert's sheet memoranda and calendar," but this is immaterial. As a mere calendar, though doubtless correct and well compiled, it did not differ from any other calendars. It contained the usual array of figures, setting forth the day of the week and month, the births and deaths of distinguished individuals, battles, Church festivals, and so on. What, however, attracted my notice was the broad margin around all this information, which was filled with reading matter of a varied and interesting character. I began to read this. I always read things of this kind, because there is no knowing where one may pick up useful hints. On one side there was a series of paragraphs headed **A COLUMN WELL WORTH COMMITTING TO MEMORY**, and it began with **ACCIDENTS**, the first being **CHOKING**. I do not take much interest, as a rule, in this class of accident, but I learnt that the best thing to do was to send for a doctor, but not wait for him, and throw the patient down and bump the back of his head severely against the floor. This, it was stated, would probably "dislodge" any object which might be obstructing the gullet. I reflected that I would rather be choked outright than have my head bumped against the floor, and hoped that if the accident of choking ever happened to me the people who were by would not be aware of that remedy. If the bumping did not succeed, the next best way was to push two or three fingers down the sufferer's throat, and stir him up, as it were, until he disgorged that thing with which he was obstructed, or until he swallowed it. Meantime somebody else was to thump him (or her) violently on the back, by which he (or her) might possibly be induced to vomit or to swallow down that obstruction. The next thing that arrested my attention was—

**"POISONS: SYMPTOMS, EFFECTS, ETC.**—Whenever a person, especially if soon after eating or drinking, is suddenly attacked by tightness and burning in the throat, violent pains or cramps in the stomach, sickness, retching, vomiting or convulsive actions, sense of suffocation, giddiness, delirium, or unusual drowsiness, poison may be assumed to have been swallowed. These effects, after a strong dose, usually show themselves in a few minutes, though in lesser doses and the milder poisons not for some hours, but they sometimes increase rapidly after the hour."

The description of these symptoms actually took my breath away, for I had been familiar with all of them for years, and was suffering from several of them at that very moment. I therefore glanced nervously to see what should be done under these circumstances. In the first place, the bystander who was acquainted with the patient's symptoms was to send for the nearest doctor, and request him to bring a stomach-pump. While the doctor was coming the bystander was to amuse himself by tickling the patient's throat with a feather, or the thin end of a horse-whip. He was also to plug his nostrils with putty, and place a large bung or cork between his teeth; then he was to pour several pints of hot

mustard and water down his throat, and if nothing unusual happened he was to insert as much of his fist as he could into his mouth (without displacing the bung or cork) and feel his way about. The directions conclude as follows: "Nothing is worse than dawdling. If there be inflammation in the gullet too severe to bear any of these remedies, be content with frequent tumblers of warm water, with wheaten flour and large quantities of sugar in it." I thought to myself that I would take good care that no instructions of this kind were ever hung up in my house, and as a further precaution I determined rigidly to avoid all *viva voce* description of my symptoms in future. This was nearly all there was on one side, except some directions for recovering the apparently drowned, rather violent than otherwise—although the "fatal mistake" was deprecated of holding the body up by the heels and squeezing it to get the water out, or the equally fatal one of rolling the body between two casks. The other side related to the subject of health and digestion, and I was nearly frightened out of my wits by reading the following:—

**"COFFEE AND MILK AS AN ALIMENT.**—The stimulating and tonic effect of coffee alone is well known, and also the value of milk alone as an aliment, and of them both when taken alone at long intervals. Abbé Moigno states, however, that when mixed they form a compound absolutely indigestible and unassimilable. He attributes this to the fact that coffee is rich in tannin, and that its mixture with milk transforms the albumen and caseine into a sort of indigestible and imputrescible substance as is formed in the tan vat when animal tissue is placed in it."

I begin to feel ill directly, and to calculate how much of this abominable mixture I must have swallowed. It is really too bad to publish such horrible details. I shall never feel safe any more when I drink coffee. Then follows an interesting narrative:—

**"INFLUENCE OF FOOD.**—Dr. Hall (a celebrated physician of New York) relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. The next morning this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed, and cooled by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food can be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures spitting of blood by the use of salt; epilepsy, by water-melons; kidney affections, by celery; poison, by olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, by pounded cranberries applied to the part affected; hydrophobia, by onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat, and to know what medicines to take."

This seems sensible. Fancy a man being cured by accident that way. Such accidents never happen to me. Whenever I eat or drink anything unusual it is sure to disagree with me. But the last extract is the most astounding of all. It is—

**"AN IMPROVED METHOD OF TREATING INDIGESTION.**—It consists simply in increasing the meals of the patient to about sixty a day, but reducing them almost to homeopathic proportions. Very little of solid or fluid food or any kind of drink is to be taken at a time; but all sorts of food may be partaken of, provided they belong to the physician's ordinary list of nourishing aliments. Only a few mouthfuls should, however, be taken at one meal, but these may be repeated at intervals of ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes. Two or three weeks of this treatment is said to effect a cure, when the patient may gradually reduce the number of his meals, and increase the quantity taken at each, till he returns to his usual practice. The inventor of this process thinks that the facts observed during his employment of this treatment confirm the view that man is naturally organised, like most, if not all, animals, to eat very frequently, and not, as is common, two, three, or four times a day. He also says that functional dyspepsia, no matter what the cause, when once it has begun, is kept up and increased by distension of the walls of the stomach. It must be acknowledged that the remedy is very simple."

I think this is worth trying. It is very simple, and I will give my experiences in a week or two, if the editor will let me.\* The next thing of interest is an article on mushroom poisoning—

\* No, you won't.—Ed.

† Our contributor has taken up too mushroom already.—Ed.

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic douloureux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shadwell.



## THE THEATRES.

IT is natural that an author should be proud of his own productions, but few are so bumptious in expression as Mr. Boucicault. This gentleman has written a play which is weak in workmanship, improbable in incident, stale in situation, and dull in dialogue; and yet he is so enamoured of what he has written that he places on the programme the following bit of bumptiousness:—

"This company of comedians have been selected by me, and carefully instructed in their various characters, and in the movements of my drama, and are the only persons authorised to play, or capable of playing, the 'Shaughraun.' This announcement is necessary that the public may not be deceived by vagrant troupes of music-hall performers, who, having obtained surreptitiously an imperfect copy of my work, advertise their intention to disfigure it."  
DION BOUCICAULT."

We are not aware who the people are to whom Mr. Boucicault alludes as being desirous of "disfiguring" his play, and we shall not therefore linger any more on this theme, merely premising our further remarks by expressing regret that the company of players so honourably mentioned by the author do not altogether come up to the enthusiastic description of them with which the public are favoured. It is hardly necessary to say this, for a slight knowledge of the world will suggest that when a person takes to puffing inordinately himself and his own wares, experience seldom ratifies the self-pronounced verdict. The "Shaughraun," then, as rendered at the Prince's, in spite of its many intrinsic defects, a fairly lively spectacle. The scenery and appointments are excellent, and so far Mr. Boucicault may be congratulated. When we come to the caste we find indeed little to blame, but little also to cover with laudations. Conn, the Shaughraun, is rendered with energy and fun by Mr. J. S. Chamberlain, but as Mr. Boucicault has provoked the comparison, we must say that we have seen the character acted as well, or better, quite recently by Mr. W. G. Herwyn, at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. Herwyn's brogue was decidedly more Irish than Mr. Chamberlain's, and there was plenty of human nature in the performance. Mr. Chamberlain's superiority lies in a perfect knowledge of his part, which is something. Of the other characters, though that odious comparison will keep creeping up (but this is not our fault), it may be said that they act with care, and are as well together as the slipshod exigencies of the piece will allow. Miss Rose Massey, though rather demonstrative, and occasionally overstepping the bounds of good taste, is pleasing and clever as Clare Ffolliott. Moya is represented by Miss Evelyn Rayne in a pleasing fashion, but this character would be all the better for a little more life. The Harvey Duff of Mr. T. Nerney is a painstaking but repulsive piece of acting. The rest of the caste may be commended as contributing considerably to the success of the presentation, of which, if we have been moved to be somewhat critical, it is principally the author himself who is to blame.

The Queen's has been giving us the "Green Bushes," and as here the play is announced with becoming modesty, and no comparisons are challenged, we will allude as little as possible to old associations. There is indeed no necessity for over-modesty, for Miss Annie Willmott gives a spirited interpretation of Miami, while Mr. H. D. Burton, as Muster Grinnidge, is full of fun, and earns shouts of laughter by his vagaries. Miss Camille D'Elmar is pert and languid as Nelly O'Neil, a part which does not suit her. This lady indeed, except in one or two special characters, might with advantage cast off a certain lackadaisical careless air which she displays, much to the detriment of the whole piece in which she is engaged. Mr. Alfred Raymond is ill-suited as Jack Gong, the comedy being much too broad for his comprehension. His repetition of the celebrated phrase, "I believe you, my buoy," so mirth-provoking from lips which we can all remember, is a wearisome episode. The play is satisfactorily mounted. We observe on the programme the announcement of a specially-written pantomime for Easter, called "Pass in Boots."

## POOR BERGER!

THE Rev. Mr. Berger (of Bolton) when he is off the platform, deprived of the support of the noble army of Church roughs and unable to use strong and abusive language, is nowhere. He has had a fearful badgering in the *Preston Guardian* lately from a correspondent named "Felix," and others. "Felix" was, if we mistake not, the same gentleman who about twelve months ago enabled us to supply the Church defenders with a number of hard "nuts to crack," over which we do not think many teeth have been broken, because there were not many silly persons found to run the risk. "Felix" has got a hobby, and it is this—to collect evidence as to grants of money by the State to the Church. One would suppose this to be harmless amusement enough; but oh, no! Mr. Berger and the Church defenders have been going about saying, to suit their own purposes, that no such grants were ever made; and they are naturally annoyed at the authenticated figures and unassailable statements of "Felix." Mr. Berger is especially annoyed, and he said the other day on a public platform that "those who joined the Liberation Society were helping on the work of Revolutionists, Atheists, and Roman Catholics; they were hindering the cause of true religion, and were in reality doing the work of the Devil." We shall not imitate Mr. Berger's want of charity, and hint that according to Holy Writ those who make false statements (to put it mildly) are doing the work of the Devil. No, we wish to be charitable, bearing in mind that beautiful text with which (see *I. Cor. 13*, and when found make a note of) Mr. Berger is doubtless acquainted—"Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." This, however, may pass, as it really does not much matter whether Mr. Berger is charitable in his conversation or not, except to his own conscience and soul. Moreover, hard words break no bones. There is, however, in connection with this subject an instructive parallel. Here we have two gentlemen making assertions. "Felix" asserts, and proves by book to demonstration, that a certain thing has been done, and is being done. The assertion and proof would hardly be needed of plain men, were it not for the loud denials of the adversary. Mr. Berger asserts, without attempt at proof, that "Felix," and those who are of his opinions, are agents of the Devil and enemies of religion, etc. Which has the best of it? "Felix" is either an agent of the Devil or he is not; if he is, the Devil speaks truth; if he is not, Mr. Berger is mistaken. The reverend gentleman is not content with denouncing his adversaries as atheists and servants of the foul fiend. He challenges "Felix" (a challenge very properly declined) to come forth and do battle on a platform in his own name. Mr. Berger invites, in fact, another public discussion. In other words, being fairly thrown on his beam ends by force of accumulation of evidence, this cunning Church defender wishes to get his opponent on a platform, where he will be howled down and possibly imitated by a crowd of rowdy partisans. Every one who reads the newspapers will appreciate the depth of this little stratagem. "Felix" on a platform, hooted at and probably pelted, would be a very different person from "Felix" pen in hand, with facts and figures at command. Mr. Berger knows this, and so does "Felix." Mr. Berger says that the assertions of "Felix" are anonymous, and therefore worthless. The statements of Mr. Berger are not anonymous, but they are abusive and unfounded. The summing up, then, is—whether is it better to make true statements anonymously, or false and offensive ones openly? Mr. Berger prefers the latter course, and tries to throw salt on the tail of "Felix" by challenging him to leave his safe and honourable position. Why should he? He has got the best of it, and Mr. Berger without his mob at his back is harmless.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.  
*A Spring Offering.*—It is now a burnt-offering, having served the useful purpose of lighting the editor's pipe.  
*Notes by the way.*—Your title suggests the music of the headless ass, and is so far in harmony with the matter of your communication.  
*J. C. W.*—The ungrammatical twaddle which you are pleased to consider a "humorous contribution" has gone the way of waste paper long ago.  
We shall be glad to hear again from "Audax."

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THE LANCET writes on the 11th inst. that the following is the substance of the letter which was sent to the Editor of the LANCET by the Committee of the Compton Testimonial Fund, Manchester, on the 10th inst. The letter is as follows:—The Committee of the Compton Testimonial Fund, Manchester, have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and to thank you for the interest which you have taken in the matter. The Committee have the pleasure to inform you that the well-known comedian, Mr. Compton, has been struck down by a painful malady, which precludes all possibility of his being able in the future to follow his profession. From the universal respect for this gentleman, it has been proposed to give in Manchester, as in London, a

T. STERNBY.  
MANCHESTER  
HANGING DITCH.

# COMPTON TESTIMONIAL FUND.

CHARLES KENWORTHY  
184

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BILLIARDS.

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